


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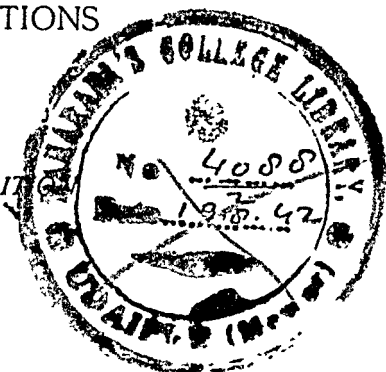
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THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE

STORY POEMS: LYRICS:
SONNETS: LONGER POEMS:
EXTRACTS FROM LONGER
POEMS

EDITED WITH
NOTES, SUMMARIES
AND QUESTIONS

SECOND EDITION



BOMBAY
K. & J. COOPER
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS

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NOTE.

This book is compiled from the following list of works in use drawn up by the Board of Studies in English of the University of Bombay:—

Pope	: The Rape of the Lock.
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"	: The Deserted Village
Gray	: Elegy
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So that the candidate may be able to study the poems, if necessary, by himself, he is provided with Notes, Summaries and Questions.

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THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE

PART I.*

STORY POEMS, LYRICS AND SONNETS.

1. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries ' Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry !'

' Now who be ye, ' would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ? '

' O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

8

' And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

' His horsemen hard behind us ride —
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? '

16

* All the poems in this Part appear in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury,"
Book IV.

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 'I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady :—

'And by my word ! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry ;
So though the waves are raging white
 I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

24

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind
 And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

32

'O haste thee, haste !' the lady cries,
 'Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.

40

And still they row'd amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover :—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover. 48
'Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief
Across this stormy water :
'And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—O my daughter !'
'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL

2. THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing ;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning. 8
All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying ;
—By fits so ashy pale she grew
Her maidens thought her dying. 16

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
 Seem'd in her frame residing ;
 Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
 She heard her lover's riding ;
 Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
 She knew and waved to greet him,
 And o'er the battlement did bend
 As on the wing to meet him.

24

He came — he pass'd — an heedless gaze,
 As o'er some stranger glancing ;
 Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
 Lost in his courser's prancing —
 The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
 Returns each whisper spoken,
 Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
 Which told her heart was broken.

SIR W. SCOTT

3. EARL MARCH LOOK'D ON HIS DYING CHILD.

Earl March look'd on his dying child,
 And, smit with grief to view her —
 'The youth,' he cried, 'whom I exiled
 Shall be restored to woo her.'

She's at the window many an hour
 His coming to discover :
 And he look'd up to Ellen's bower
 And she look'd on her lover —

8

But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
 Though her smile on him was dwelling —
 'And am I then forgot — forgot ?'
 It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
 Her cheek is cold as ashes;
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
 To lift their silken lashes.

T. CAMPBELL

4. ROSABELLE.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
 No haughty feat of arms I tell;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day. 8

'The blackening wave is edged with white;
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?' 16

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide
 If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle.' 24

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory. 36

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head. 42

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory. 48

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory. 54

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good Prince Eugene;'
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine;
'Nay . . nay . . my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory. 60

'And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin:—
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

R. SOUTHEY

6. LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the Lake,
And no birds sing.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

8

'I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.'

'I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful — a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

16

'I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

' I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song. 24

' She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said
" I love thee true."

' She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore ;
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four. 32

' And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd — Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

' I saw pale Kings and Princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
They cried — " La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall ! " 40

' I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapéd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

' And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the Lake,
And no birds sing.'

J. KEATS

7. MY HEART LEAPS UP.

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky :

So was it when my life began,

So is it now I am a man ;

So be it when I shall grow old,

5

Or let me die !

The Child is father of the Man ;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

W. WORDSWORTH

8. THE LOST LOVE.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways

Beside the springs of Dove ;

A maid whom there were none to praise,

And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone

5

Half hidden from the eye !

—Fair as a star, when only one

Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know

When Lucy ceased to be ;

10

But she is in her grave, and, oh,

The difference to me !

W. WORDSWORTH

9. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again. 8

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
 'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung. 16

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

'Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!'—
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. CAMPBELL

10. HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

8

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

16

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

24

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

14 THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

T. CAMPBELL.

11. THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

6

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

12

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood ;
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeing to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

18

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

C. LAMB

12. PAST AND PRESENT.

I remember, I remember

The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;

He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

8

I remember, I remember

The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups —
Those flowers made of light !

The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet !

16

I remember, I remember

Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;

My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

24

I remember, I remember

The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :

It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

T. HOOD

13. THE ROVER.

' A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine!
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine.
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien, 5
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green —
 No more of me you knew
 My Love!
 No more of me you knew. 10

' This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again.'
 He turn'd his charger as he spake 15
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 Said ' Adieu for evermore
 My Love!
 And adieu for evermore.' /

SIR W. SCOTT

14. THE OUTLAW.

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton Hall

Beneath the turrets high,

6

A Maiden on the castle-wall

Was singing merrily :

'O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,

And Greta woods are green ;

I'd rather rove with Edmund there

Than reign our English queen.'

12

'If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,

To leave both tower and town,

Thou first must guess what life lead we

That dwell by dale and down.

And if thou canst that riddle read,

As read full well you may,

18

Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed

As blithe as Queen of May.'

Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,

And Greta woods are green ;

I'd rather rove with Edmund there

Than reign our English queen.

24

'I read you by your bugle-horn

And by your palfrey good,

I read you for a ranger sworn

To keep the king's greenwood.'

'A ranger, lady, winds his horn,

And 'tis at peep of light ;

30

His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night.'
 Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are gay;
 I would I were with Edmund there
 To reign his Queen of May! 36

'With burnish'd brand and musketoon
 So gallantly you come,
 I read you for a bold Dragoon
 That lists the tuck of drum.'
 'I list no more the tuck of drum,
 No more the trumpet hear; 42
 But when the beetle sounds his hum
 My comrades take the spear.
 And O! though Brignall banks be fair
 And Greta woods be gay,
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare
 Would reign my Queen of May! 48

'Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I'll die;
 The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
 Were better mate than I!
 And when I'm with my comrades met
 Beneath the greenwood bough,— 54
 What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now.'

Chorus.

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen.

SIR W. SCOTT

15. THE CORONAON.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font reappearing
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

8

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

16

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and for ever !

SIR W. SCOTT

20 THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME

16. A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee. 8
O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we. 16
There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A. CUNNINGHAM

17. THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE
AT OORUNNA.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

8

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

16

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

24

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

18. THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the Dead are past;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old;
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day. 6

With them I take delight in weal
 And seek relief in woe;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude. 12

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
 I live in long-past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind. 18

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
 My place with them will be,
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all Futurity;
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

R. SOUTHEY

19. TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

8

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

16

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen !

24

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blesséd Bird! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, fairy place,
 That is fit home for Thee!

W. WORDSWORTH

20. THE REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

8

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

16

Will no one tell me what she sings?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again!

24

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending;—
 I listen'd, motionless and still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

W. WORDSWORTH

21. THE DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils,
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. 6

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. 12

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
 A Poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company!
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought; 18

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 " In yacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

J. W. WORDSWORTH

22. WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I heard a thousand blended notes
 While in a grove I sat reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

8

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
 The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure —
 But the least motion which they made
 It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

16

The budding twigs spread out their fan
 To catch the breezy air ;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man?

W. WORDSWORTH

23. SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight,
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time, and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.
 I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
 And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death:

The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.

W. WORDSWORTH

24. TO THE SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

Or while the wings ^{aspire} ~~aspire~~, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,

Those quivering wings composed, that music still! 6

To the last point of vision, and beyond

Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain

'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:

Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing

All independent of the leafy Spring. 12

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;

A privacy of glorious light is thine,

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine;

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—

True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

W. WORDSWORTH

25. TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!

Bird thou never wert,

That from heaven, or near it

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

5

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest,

Like a cloud of fire,

The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning

Of the sunken sun

O'er which clouds are brightening,

Thou dost float and run,

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

15

The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight;

Like a star of heaven

In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

20

Keen as are the arrows

Of that silver sphere,

Whose intense lamp narrows

In the white dawn clear

Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

25

All the earth and air

With thy voice is loud,

As, when night is bare,

From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flow'd.

30

- What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody ;— 35
 Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not : 40
 Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower : 45
 Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering un beholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
 view : 50
 Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd
 thieves. 55
 Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass. 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want, 70

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?

What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of
pain ? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :

Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,

Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ? 85

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

P. B. SHELLEY

26. OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT.

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed; 8
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P. B. SHELLEY

27. ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S
HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold : 8

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. KEATS

PART II.

LONGER POEMS.

28. ENOCH ARDEN.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ; 5
And high in heaven behind it a grey down
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, 10
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd 15
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up 20
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, 25
While Annie still was mistress ; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week :
' This is my house and this my little wife.'
' Mine too ' said Philip ' turn and turn about ' :
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made 30
Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out ' I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake, 35
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love, 40
But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;
But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes, 45
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie ; and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe 50
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life

36 THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME

From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas : 55
 And all men look'd upon him favourably :
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill. 60

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
 The younger people making holiday,
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
 (His father lying sick and needing him) 65
 An hour behind ; but as he climb'd the hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair, *yes*
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
 His large grey eyes and weather-beaten face 70
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire, *the fire*
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life 75
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;
 There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells, 80
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
 Seven happy years of health and competence, &
 And mutual love and honourable toil ;
 With children ; first a daughter. In him woke,
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish 85

To save all earnings to the uttermost,
 And give his child a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
 When two years after came a boy to be
 The rosy idol of her solitudes, *The rosy idol* 90
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
 Or often journeying landward; for in truth
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales, 95
 Not only to the market-cross were known,
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering. 100

Then came a change, as all things human change.
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
 Open'd a larger haven: thither used
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast 105
 In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:
 A limb was broken when they lifted him;
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:
 Another hand crept too across his trade *The wife's* 110
 Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
 To see his children leading evermore 115
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,

And her, he loved, a beggar : then he pray'd
 'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance, 12
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go ?
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place ? 12
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
 No graver than as when some little cloud
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 13
 And isles a light in the offing : yet the wife —
 When he was gone — the children — what to do ?
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans ;
 To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —
 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her ! 13
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —
 And yet to sell her — then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth in trade.
 With all that seamen needed or their wives —
 So might she keep the house while he was gone 14
 Should he not trade himself out yonder ? go
 This voyage more than once ? yea twice or thrice —
 As oft as needed — last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 With fuller profits lead an easier life, 14
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all :
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born. 150
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms :
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
But had no heart to break his purposes 155
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will :
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear, 160
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her, 165
Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend.
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room 170
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang, 175
Till this was ended, and his careful hand, —
The space was narrow, — having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs

40 THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME

Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last, 180
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
 Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man 185
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
 Whatever came to him : and then he said
 ' Annie, this voyage by the grace of God 190
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle ' and he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,— 195
 Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go.' 200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself ; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to graver things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard, 205
 Heard and not heard him ; as the village girl,
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise ; 210
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass, 215
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go. 220
And fear no more for me ; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him ? and the sea is His, 225
The sea is His : He made it.'

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones ;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept 230
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
Wake him not ; let him sleep ; how should the child
Remember this ?' and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt 235
A tiny curl, and gave it : this he kept
Thro' all his future ; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

42 THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps 240
 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye:
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
 She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
 Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail 245
 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
 Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred
 To barter, nor compensating the want 250
 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
 And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say?'
 For more than once, in days of difficulty
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less 255
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
 She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
 Expectant of that news which never came,
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
 And lived a life of silent melancholy. 260

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
 With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
 Whether her business often call'd her from it,
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most, 265
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
 What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,
 After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
 The little innocent soul flitted away. 270

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
'Surely' said Philip 'I may see her now, 275
May be some little comfort'; therefore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief, 280
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.' 285

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply
'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!' half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her: 290

'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us — a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'. 295
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world —
For pleasure? — nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish. 300

And if he come again, vext will he be
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.
 And it would vex him even in his grave,
 If he could know his babes were running wild
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now — 305
 Have we not known each other all our lives?
 I do beseech you by the love you bear
 Him and his children not to say me nay —
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
 Why then he shall repay me — if you will, 310
 Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do.
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school :
 This is the favour that I came to ask.'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
 Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face ; 315
 I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down ;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down ;
 But Enoch lives ; that is borne in on me :
 He will repay you : money can be repaid ; 320
 Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd
 ' Then you will let me, Annie ? '

There she turn'd,
 She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him, 325
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
 Then calling down a blessing on his head
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
 And past into the little garth beyond. *enclosure, garth.*
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away. 330